"GOD IS CALLING ME."

The Last Words of Dwight L. Moody.

"Earth receding—Heaven is opening,
God is calling me!"
'Twas a whisper on the threshold
Of eternity.
How it echoes down the vale of
Deepest mystery!

As when Stephen, saint and martyr,
Near his latest breath,
Cried: "I see the heavens opened,
And the Lord of Death
On the right hand of the Father!"
Heaven still witnesseth!

Take thy crown, O man of tireless
Wrestling for the right!
Starred with souls undying, garnered
For the King of Might.
"Well done!" met thee on the portal
Of the Land of Light!

From the city's slums and alleys,
From the hilltops fair,
From the wrecks of deepest ocean,
Thine await thee there!
Who shall lift thy fallen mantle?
Who thy Bible bear?

When the hour of wondrous waiting
Comes, that comes to all,
When for us, o'er "earth receding,"
Drops the funeral pall,
Father! from Thy opening Heaven,
Grant that blessed call!

—Mrs. Cyrus Hamlin, in Congregationalist.

A Reconsidered Decision

By Nellie Cravey Gilmore.

(From the Home Magazine, Washington. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

THERE was no doubt in Dorothy's mind that she had made a wise decision. That is, according to a pecuniary view of the thing and the smiling approval of a host of poor relations whose proclivities for advice, heretofore, were in ill proportion to the size of their purse.

And though inwardly rebellious, the idea of sacrificing herself on the altar of Mammon seemed to her as interesting as it was odd. But money could do anything! All the pinching little economies that they had been compelled to practice for years would vanish like snow under a noonday sun, and some sense of independence be established. But there is no getting over the bitter fact that other thoughts, and, perhaps, other hopes, had been crushed into the background.

"All that is past and gone, though," Dorothy told herself with a stanch sense of propriety, "and I mustn't allow myself to think too much about it."

She passed her hand, a little wearily, through the brown hair that waved back from her face, and leaned one elbow meditatively on the window sill, thinking of the future she had laid out for herself, and living over, in a hundred ways, the past.

Then she thought of Harry and looking gloomily for an instant at the diamond that sparkled on her finger, drew it off, slowly, and with a sigh laid it on her lap. No, it had not been an engagement, exactly—but—

There was all the difference in the world now. Had he not, only the night before, after all that had passed between them, entirely ignored her and carried Adelaide Hunt, a bright, dashing brunette, to the swellest hop of the season, while she remained at home? That was all. But it was enough. So that when Col. Eggerton, as usual, called around, and, as usual, proposed, she promised, in desperation, a final answer on the morrow.

So that answer—of acceptance—was written and signed with a scrawl, and laid on the library table to be posted. In one day everything had been changed. It did not seem possible, yet as she sat by the low vine-screened window, a soft wind lazily lifting the loose hair on her forehead, each event rose up in lurid distinctness before her mind.

Then a brilliant red flamed over the girl's face, and faded off suddenly, as a tall, athletic young man came quickly up the walk. As Harry Bainbridge stepped on the low veranda, she left her seat by the window, and gave him her hand with a friendliness that ill-betokened any inward agitation.

The shining regard that broke over his face at sight of her, brought the soft color to her cheeks. She smiled—a little uneasily—and drew her hand out of his.

"Will you sit out here?" she said. "It is cool, and pleasant."

He bowed a smiling assent and sank into the empty chair next to hers.

"You did not expect me?" he queried, studying the girl's face critically. She was pretty—very pretty. A tall, slim girl, with regular features, and expressive gray eyes.

"I knew you were here, and I came," he went on. "May I tell you why? I want to ask you—to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you to marry me, if you will."

Dorothy flushed and turned away, a sort of desolation sweeping over her at his words.

"I would rather you would not—not say such things," she returned, nervously, moving away from him.

"But I must," he continued, half smiling and trying to look into her face.

"It is my first opportunity to ask you. I did not feel that I had a right to before. But now, I am in a fair position to—"

He paused for one moment to glance at her face, now turned to him, half-frightened, and with an earnestness almost pathetic.

"You must not, you must not, indeed," she choked back a little dry sob. "It has all been a mistake—a wretched mistake," she went on brokenly, her face pale with suppressed feeling.

She was staring past him, vacantly, at the wide green garden, now brilliant with a thousand perfumed blossoms, while, with hands cold and trembling, she took the ring from her lap and reaching toward him suddenly laid the glistening thing on his knee.

He looked at her in a dazed sort of way, the happy light dying out of his face as his fingers closed mechanically over the trinket.

"Why Dorothy—what's the matter? Won't you keep it?"

A look of keen disappointment crossed his features as he looked at her.

"I would rather not," she returned, her voice tremulous in spite of herself.

"You see"—twisting the end of her sash—"I am going to marry some one else, and—"

"Dorothy!"

He had risen and was leaning against the banister rail, where he could look her directly in the face, and where the two could see him. He had grown very pale, and with a deeper look of pain than any he had yet known, waited in silence for her to say something, but she did not, and he went on, never taking his eyes from her face.

"I came here to ask you to be my wife, feeling and believing that you would give me the right to think of and love you—always. Was I wrong?" he continued, his breath coming quick and dry, "after all that has passed between us—to hope?"

The girl looked up for an instant, but the stern gleam that shot from her companion's eyes caused her to turn away. Suddenly the thing that she had with some bitterness and her face hardened. The girl's heart was making its protest, unconsciously, but surely.

An expression, half of amusement, came into Bainbridge's face, as he caught the strange light in her eyes, but he made no answer, and, in spite of the girl's indifferent shrug, a look of annoyance crossed her face.

A breath of wind, heavy with the fragrance of summer, fluttered the ribbons of her soft gown, as she turned to him, her eyes black with sudden emotion.

"You took her to the hop—did you not?"

"It was by the merest chance," he answered with a gesture that seemed to indicate: "What else was I to do?"

There was silence for a little. Then he looked up suddenly, and said:

"I was surprised not to see you there."

Dorothy said nothing, but shaded her eyes from the sun with one small hand and gazed idly at a climbing rose at the other end of the veranda.

He had not asked her to go, and a sort of silly pride forbade her to let him know that no one else had.

"I meant to come here," Bainbridge began, after a pause, "to tell you—everything. I thought perhaps," he went on slowly, "that you would not mind—so much. But I heard—some one told me, that you would be at the dance with Eggerton. That is the reason."

The girl's heart began to beat, and a look of surprise swept the latest resentment from her face.

Something in the man's tone, in the earnestness of his manner, forced his sincerity upon her, and she half relented.

But the die was cast, and there was no going back now. She caught her breath, and the wave of tenderness that overwhelmed her for a minute was quickly crushed down.

Dorothy drew a deep breath. There was a pause. Presently she spoke.

"No one asked me to go to the hop," she said, determined to let him know everything now. "I knew you were there with her, and I thought, of course, you didn't care about me."

Her heart was throbbing painfully, as she went on, unsteadily: "And now since I am going to marry some one else I don't see the use of talking any more about it."

"I suppose not," Bainbridge returned, coldly, reaching for his hat. "Good-by."

The careless tone made her heart sink. She could not let him go like that.

"Harry!"

He turned back.

"Can't we be friends?"

He gazed at her fixedly for a moment and an ominous cloud gathered on his brow.

"No, I think not."

A glimmer of disappointment passed over the girl's face.

"Do you mean," she asked, locking her hands tightly over each other, while a look of hurt surprise appeared on her face, "that we are to be strangers?"

"I mean," he answered, slowly, in a voice in which pain mingled with passion, "that it will be everything, or—nothing. I shall always love you, and I cannot pretend to a friendship which I do not feel."

He paused for an instant and looked straight into the girl's eyes. "It is better," he said, calmly, "to be an enemy than a hypocrite."

Something in his voice awed her into silence. The sun had begun to set and great patches of gold fell on the man's face, now white and determined—a face that brooked no compromise.

Suddenly he came close to her and, stopping, pressed his lips to her white forehead.

She shot a quick glance into his eyes and the warm color died her face scarlet.

"It is for the last time," he said, tremulously, and was gone.

There were tears in the girl's eyes—the white lids quivered, and her lips trembled. Broken down by the violence of her emotions, she turned and hurried into the room, to be alone with her misery.

In a sort of desperation she threw a glance toward the table.

The letter! It had not been posted! Her breath came in quick, sharp gasps.

In the moment that followed, she realized everything and did not hesitate.

The next instant she was back on the veranda, a deeper color in her cheeks, and a radiant light in her eyes.

She cast one sweeping glance at the retreating figure. Bainbridge was almost at the gate, and not 50 feet away, coming directly toward him, handsome and smiling, Adelaide Hunt.

"Harry!" Dorothy's voice was clear and firm, and there was a new thrill in it.

He turned, a little coldly, and looked back inquiringly.

"You have forgotten something."

He paused for a second, then, under the potent spell of her voice, retraced his steps and followed her into the library.

She went straight up to the table and indicated by a gesture the blue tinted envelope lying there, while the soft color stole into her cheeks.

"Harry!—"

She placed one hand tremulously on his arm, and the eyes lifted to his were full of meaning—

"I might tear it up, you know."

Search for Roman Bronzes.

Three thousand bronze tablets containing the records of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Vespasian are known to be buried in the marshes near Ostia. They were saved from the fire which destroyed the capitol in the year A. D. 69. The Italian archaeologist, Signor Maes, wishes the Italian government to drain the marshes and hunt for the tablets.

Spain a Land of Wealth.

The natural wealth of Spain is enormous. It has been neglected for lack of enterprise. Its mineral deposits are the richest in the world. They will afford a stimulus to industry and will contribute a vast revenue to the people. By concentrating within its own realm the effort and aspiration which Spain has heretofore dissipated on its colonies it may in time regain much of the glory and importance which it once enjoyed.

WORK OF VISITING NURSES.

They Take Care of the Sick Poor of the City and Teach Principles of Health.

"To take care of the sick poor and of those who can pay but little for the service of a nurse, to teach poor people the importance of cleanliness and how to care for their sick, how to make their homes habitable by good ventilation, how to allow the health-giving rays of the sun to enter in through washed window panes, thus bringing light and sunshine to suffering souls cast down by sorrow and disease." This is the aim of one of the most benevolent charities, the Visiting Nurse Association of Chicago, and this is what is accomplished by its dozen nurses under the direction of the board of 32 of Chicago's most influential and intelligent women, of which Mrs. James L. Houghteling is president.

If the walls of their office, 907 Masonic Temple, could speak they could tell stirring tales of hundreds of homes into which the nurses have gone, transforming dirt and disease into cleanliness and health; of hundreds of breadwinners in the stock yards district whose lives have been preserved by the patient care of the nurses, of 25 sick women and children in the Hull house district who have been visited and cared for by one nurse alone a day, and, more thrilling and pathetic still, of scores of poor incurables who have been refused admission to the hospitals, whose tedious hours have been brightened by the cheering voice of the nurse, and whose pain has been lessened by the medicine she always carries with her—neither nationality nor religion being regarded.

The directors are obliged to devote much time and do careful planning to meet these many cries from all parts of the city. They have received constant and substantial assistance from many of our wealthiest citizens and from numerous clubs and circles. Each year the work grows, as its possibilities are infinite, and this season an effort is being made to bring the needs of poor and suffering women more prominently before the eyes of their more fortunate sisters.—Chicago Chronicle.

His State of Mind.

"Your bookkeeper is subject to fits of ill-humor, isn't he?"

"No; he has widely isolated attacks of amiability."—Chicago Record.

BRITONS AFRAID OF RIVALS.

Favors and Trade Not Coming Their Way So Rapidly as in the Past.

The British people are desperately anxious to see the America cup back again in the old country, but they would prefer even more to know that the fastest mail steamer on the Atlantic had her home in the docks of the Mersey, says a London newspaper. Competition is becoming remorseless: the days of monopoly are receding swiftly into the past. Not many years ago such an angry outcry as that which was raised at the statement that great engineering contracts in connection with the railways of South Africa had been placed in the United States would have been impossible. British iron and steel makers would have laughed incredulously at the suggestion that their American rivals could produce work more cheaply and more quickly than themselves. There is no such laughter to-day.

The British public have not forgotten that it is an American bridge which crosses the Atbara and that it was placed there by American engineers, because no British firm could guarantee its completion within six months of the time specified on the other side of the Atlantic. Whatever the reasons were, the fact remains—a standing reminder that the race is to the swift. When the huge contracts for South Africa come to be placed, will it be found that any of the leeway has been made up?

FURS FOR DOLLS.

They Are Made in Considerable Variety and Most Commonly Sold in Cities.

This is the season when its owner looks out to see that dolly shall be carefully protected against the cold when taken out for an airing. So the dolls' furs are brought into use; or, if the doll has none, some are bought for it. These may be found in considerable variety of style, material and price. Doll's furs include muffs, and collarettes and boas. All these things are made in various sizes and then are commonly sold in sets. As to material, the costlier are made of a fur in imitation of ermine and of sealskin, such furs being lined with silk or with satin, in one color and another, and muffs and collarettes finished just as those for grown-up people would be.

Doll's furs, according to the material of which they are made and the style of finish, sell at from 5 cents, or perhaps less, a set, up to three dollars. They are, of course, sold only in the colder parts of the country, where furs would ordinarily be worn. And while there are some articles of dolls' equipment that, like the dolls themselves, are sold in city and country alike, dolls' furs are sold chiefly in cities.

Age of Responsibility.

In England the law looks upon everyone over the age of seven as a responsible being, and every child beyond that age can be prosecuted as a criminal. The same age is accepted in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium the age is eight, in Italy and Spain it is nine. Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark and Holland decline to prosecute a child under ten, and this is the rule also in some of the Swiss cantons. In Germany the limit of responsibility is fixed at 12.

ONE OF THE OTHERS

By Lawrence Boone.

(Copyrighted.)

ALL HONOR to the brave men who fought their country's battles. Nor is there any danger that they will miss their reward; the whole nation sings their praises.

There is, therefore, the less need that I should help swell the chorus. For, after all, there are others. And this is the story of one of the others.

It may sound like a contradiction, but I shall always maintain that Eben Frazer was a hero because he did not enlist. He wanted to enlist. He was urged to enlist. He was ashamed not to enlist. He was exposed to the most seductive and perilous temptation that earth can offer to a slow, big-limbed, big-hearted fellow, such as he was—and is. For he was—and is—in love. And his love bade him go. It was merely duty that bade him stay.

It is often much easier to march in the middle of the procession, even to the cannon's mouth, than to swallow the bitterness of undeserved reproaches and trudge on alone in the rough, homely path of duty. This is no disparagement to Claude Livingstone and the rest, who faced the deadly volleys at El Caney without flinching. But really it is sometimes harder to live humbly than to die nobly.

Eben and Claude had long been rivals, and Lola Fanning was the prize to win which Eben toiled and Claude schemed. They hated each other very cordially—and who shall blame them? It is too much to expect Christian charity from lovers.

And Lola was, in truth, an attractive girl. Even I, who did not love her in the least, must concede that. She was tall and fair and graceful. Her eyes were pale blue like a misty sky, and her hair pale golden like a watery sunset. It was not peroxide — though but for the kindness of nature it might have been. She was fond of dress, which is commendable; she was, perhaps, a little overdressed, which was inexcusable. Inborn triviality betrayed itself in a superfluity of guards and trimmings; yet her beauty irradiated all her frippery. That her fair head was empty and her soft heart shallow I will not presume to add; for I may be prejudiced. You shall judge for yourself.

Yet I thought it much to her credit that of the two suppliants at her shrine she chose Eben. I must own that I was surprised when the engagement was announced.

So she condescendingly wore the ring that he had chopped cordwood to buy; and he was permitted to call twice a week and sit by her side in awed and palpitating reverence, while she chattered away in a fashion that ought to have opened his eyes, but didn't.

Meanwhile Claude was "lively" after the manner of his kind. His liveliness was decidedly loud, in speech, in dress, and in action. It seemed to consist very largely in dissipating his money; for he had inherited a large farm, which he promptly mortgaged.

"I do wish, Eben, you had a little more spunk and spirit," remarked Lola one day, as Claude flashed past on a trotter on which it was rumored that he had lately lost $800.

"Do you mean that you'd like me to drive fast horses?" exclaimed Eben, surprised and a little shocked. "You know I can't afford it if I wanted to. And I'm trying to save—"

"You might at least drive something faster than an old plug of a plow horse," she interrupted, petulantly. "What's the good of slaving and saving when there's money coming? If I were a man like you I'd make a stir in the world some way. But I don't believe you do anything but chop wood and hoe potatoes."

Yet it would be a mistake to conclude that Claude was wholly bad. He was not a sneak; indeed, his brazen frankness was startling. His "liveliness" was at least spontaneous; and exuberant vitality, even though vented in vice, is potentially a virtue.

What Claude most needed was less money and a proper outlet for his restless, reckless temper. The first of these conditions was not far to seek. His farm was forfeit; his debts were urgent; his creditors were already beginning their remorseless man-hunt.

Then came the war. What was more natural than that he should enlist? He did more. He raised a company and was chosen captain. Some shook their heads, but he had a strong following, and those who jibed at his follies still rather admired his dash. It was admitted that he had at last done something to redeem himself—and he had.

Eben, as you are aware, did not enlist; and thereat everybody seemed surprised. This must have been because he was so big and strong; men who look as if they could pull down mountains get harsh judgments without common equity. Otherwise it could hardly have been ignored that Eben's mother was a helpless invalid, entirely dependent upon his daily wages. And his cousin Jennie, who cared for her night and day, was also dependent, though far from helpless. This patient, energetic little miss was quite competent to take care of herself, but not to take care of herself and a querulous paralytic too.

"You can't go, Eben, dear," she said. "You mustn't think of it. Your mother would simply shut her eyes and die in spite of me."

But Lola, a trifle weary, perhaps, of mute Sunday evening worship, was disappointed and indignant. She first taunted her lover with cowardice—"and you big enough to take Havana all by yourself"—and then taxed him with a yet meaner motive.

Wheelmen Urge Road Tax.

The Michigan division of the League of American Wheelmen is preparing a bill for introduction in the legislature providing for a road poll tax. It will provide that every able-bodied man in the state between and inclusive of the ages of 21 and 60 shall pay this tax, and the receipts will be used to build and repair roads in the county in which it is collected, and where the petitioners for such roads will agree to pay their whole road tax in cash instead of work. The plan has received satisfactory approval.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

TELEPHONES ON FARMS.

They Are Not Merely a Convenience, But a Good Business Investment as Well.

In the locality where I live there are several lines of telephones which run through the farming districts to the several villages. Many of the farmers along these lines have placed 'phones in their houses, which puts them in direct communication with the villages. I recently visited a farmer who lives three or four miles from one of our large villages. In this village he markets the produce of his farm and of a large truck garden. It has been his custom to drive to the village three times a week with a load of produce. Not knowing how much he would be able to sell, he would often take more than he could dispose of, and this surplus, kept over until the next trip, did not always keep in a marketable condition, and in this way considerable was wasted during the year. This farmer has put a telephone in his house which places him in communication with his customers in the village. He now receives their orders by telephone, and knowing what they want, he delivers it to them on his regular days of marketing. This makes marketing much easier and pleasanter, and he thinks the telephone a profitable investment for him. Sometimes he wholesales produce to dealers when he can get satisfactory prices. When a dealer in his village wishes anything in his line, he can easily order it, if prices can be arranged, or when the farmer has anything ready for market, he can "call up" the dealer and ask for prices.

The telephone not only places him in immediate communication with his own village, but with neighboring villages, and, by telegraph or the long-distance telephone, with the city markets. The farmer I have mentioned grows several acres of strawberries. By the aid of the telephone he is able to learn without delay, which is important to marketing berries, where there is a demand for them and at what price.

There are many other uses of the telephone for the farmer in his isolated circumstances, so that very often he can make it convenient and profitable. I have been in the railway station when some farmer "called up" the agent and asked him if the goods he was expecting had arrived, and the information would sometimes save a trip to the station before the goods were there; or he was asked to send a message by telephone to some place, with an immediate reply.

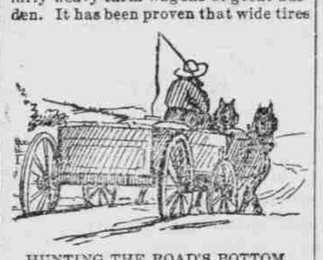
The telephone, besides placing the farmer in immediate communication with his merchant, physician, veterinarian and others whose services he may need, affords communication between farmers and their families. It not only facilitates intercourse in business matters, but adds very much to the social life of the farmer. He converses easily at any time with his neighbor on any subject of interest to them.

Many farmers think that the cost of the telephone is so great that they cannot afford it. In my locality the farmers own private lines on the co-operative plan. There are main lines operated by individuals, or corporations. The farmers have built private lines which connect them with these. Generally, a few individuals taking the lead, the farmers are visited in the community where the wires are to be put up, and asked to subscribe towards building the line. Some who do not wish to pay money are allowed to furnish work, posts, etc. The wire is put up at a small cost to each farmer, but in addition to it, he must buy his telephone to put in his house. This costs him from $15 to $20. Then he must pay his share of the tax which is charged for connecting the farmer's private line with the main lines, which in most of the communities in this section is two or three dollars annually for each farmer. In one neighborhood near me I do not think the cost of putting up the wires and buying the telephones was more than $30 for each farmer. Perhaps this was only the cash outlay, and the work contributed by the farmers was not taken into account; I was not definitely informed on this point. Where there are such opportunities for building farmers' lines that can be connected with main lines, surely money or work expended in this way will be well invested.—W. H. Jenkins, in Country Gentleman.

WIDE TIRES NEEDED.

They Make Travel More Pleasant and Do Not Destroy the Surfaces of Roads.

We frequently have pointed out in these columns the injury to public roads resulting from the use upon them of narrow-tired vehicles, particularly heavy farm wagons of great burden. It has been proven that wide tires



HUNTING THE ROAD'S BOTTOM.

make draft lighter and travel more rapid and at the same time maintain a uniform evenness and smoothness of the road's surface, which at once marks them as public benefactors. Note in the accompanying illustration the narrow tires "hunting the bottom of the earth," forming ruts that will make travel rough and disagreeable for weeks and weeks. Wide tires should come into general use on country roads and no heavy farm wagon without them should be driven upon any thoroughfare when the ground is saturated with water, or after heavy rains.—Farmers' Voice.

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES.

"Fritz" Heinze, of Butte City, Mont., finds himself, at 31, in control of mining properties valued at from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000.

"I never felt so happy as now that I am plain 'Mrs Frederickson,'" wrote Princess Charles of Denmark recently to her mother soon after arriving incognito at Monte Carlo.

John Brown, who has just been taken to the county almshouse of Orange county, New York, was once manager of that institution and superintendent of the poor for that county. He was once well to do, but is now a pauper 73 years old and incapable of self-support.

The wife of the late Gen. Joubert is a utilitarian, as well as a woman of military instincts. The story was told of her that when she was in Amsterdam a few years ago a friend took great pleasure in showing her the fine collection of pewter in the big Rijks museum. Her only comment was: "Good to make bullets of."

Henry C. Bliss, of West Springfield, Mass., shows public spirit of a novel but intelligent character. Within the last 20 years he has planted over 1,000 trees. The work has been done systematically, and the effect has been greatly to beautify the streets and public places of that town.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has given the old Stanford home in Sacramento, Cal., to Bishop Mora, of the Catholic church, together with a $75,000 endowment with which to maintain it as an orphanage. This is the house where Senator Stanford lived for 20 years and where his son, in whose memory the Stanford university was founded, was born.

Although the queen does not permit smoking in her immediate neighborhood, yet she keeps on hand a stock of the most superb Havana cigars for her guests, and the consumption thereof is about 3,000 a year. They are specially made for her majesty of the most carefully collected tobacco leaves, and when finished are hermetically sealed in glass tubes in order to guard against deterioration, connoisseurs insisting that the Havana leaf is affected by a change of climate.

IN VARIOUS PLACES.

Port Arthur gets this year $2,500,000 for her forts and harbor improvements, and for Vladivostock $1,500,000 has been granted by the Russian government.

In the Canadian northwest provinces there are probably more colonies of different nations than are to be found on any equal area elsewhere in the world.

In an English contemporary is the following advertisement of a shooting school: "Forty acres in extent. Gun fitting a specialty. Instructions in the art of shooting. Patent try guns and targets. Most realistic coverts. Practice at driven birds, high pheasants, etc. Any number of sportsmen can be accommodated. Experienced gun fitters and instructors always in attendance."

The Canadian government has established refrigerators for the storage of fresh bait in cooperation with associations of fishermen along the coast. Complaint arises season after season that bait is scarce just when it is most urgently needed, yet such bait can, as a rule, be obtained in abundance early in the season when the men are not in need of it. An appropriation of $25,000 has enabled the department of agriculture to remedy the difficulty.

A house fell in Venice recently, causing the death of two people. This has naturally raised the question of the stability of buildings of this curious city. Twenty years ago one of the church towers fell down, and since then three new buildings have collapsed. In the present instance it is supposed that the clearing away of mud from the adjoining canal by means of a dredger was the cause of the incident. The drainage of Venice is fast becoming an important sanitary problem.

Tuberculosis in Paris.

Of the 46,088 deaths which occurred in Paris in 1899, as many as 12,314 are attributed to tuberculosis, or more than one-fourth.

URGE BOXING IN SCHOOLS.

President Harris and Superintendent Andrews, of Chicago, Encourage Students.

A series of boxing bouts which were held in the basement of the south division high school at Chicago the other night, finds favor in the eyes of the board of education authorities. President Graham H. Harris said he saw nothing wrong in it as long as Principal Smith sanctioned the boxing and had an instructor supervise it. Superintendent of Schools Andrews indorses the exercise. The bouts were under the direct supervision of instructor Perrine.

Mr. Smith says no brutality was displayed. Several of the trustees, including Mrs. Keating and Schwab, have opposed pugilism in the high schools.

Principal Smith said: "These bouts were held at the request of the boys. I told them they could hold them provided it was done in the presence of our regular athletic director. When the boys had their meeting I was informed of it and told Mr. Perrine to look after the matter. He did so and reported to me that there was nothing brutal in it. It was simply an exercise for the boys. One boy's nose bled, but there was nothing which at all resembled pugilism in the sense in which it is understood."

Dr. Andrews said of the matter: "I certainly consider boxing the best exercise for the muscles of the body. This sport brings into play muscles which can be developed in no other way. I believe that as long as these affairs are conducted under the supervision of the principal and are gentlemanly in every way, no objection can be found in them. I have no criticism to make of Mr. Smith, as I believe in athletic sports, provided they do not interfere with the studies and are not brutal."

President Harris said he had often boxed in his younger days, and was sorry now that he had not done so more often.

IN FAR-AWAY LANDS.

An English traveler declares that the least interesting country in the world to visit is Corea.

No emigrant is permitted to land in Western Australia who cannot correctly write out a given sentence.

The people of Brazil have learned to make all their own beer, and native breweries now supply nearly all the demand.

Murder is not considered a very great crime by the Parsees of India. According to their code, a murderer received 90 stripes on his bare back, while the man who neglects his dog receives 200 stripes.

There is a movement on foot among the Parsee community in India to give the members the option of burial in place of the customary method of exposing the dead to become the prey of vultures.

One of the masterpieces of musical clocks has just been completed for the emperor of China, in whose palace, besides pointing out the correct time, it will play selections with a fully equipped automatic orchestra.

The Japanese government has great difficulty in securing interpreters for the courts. Linguists are scarce, and the best of them can easily find places in mercantile houses, which pay more than the government, which does not go beyond $100 a year.

CONCERNING THE HAIR.

The encyclopedias regard hair falling below the feet of women as extraordinary.

Several years ago Miss E. J. Whitten, Topsham, Me., was said to have hair eight feet in length.

Marie Antoinette wore a pompadour and rolls thrown back past her ears. Queen Anne wore side curls.

A hair is a succession of cylindrical or elliptical horny cells. Curly or kinky hair is due to sudden "breaks" in the regularity of the cellular succession.

Samson's strength was attributed to his long hair, and his fate is charged up to Delilah's shears. Absalom's wealth of tresses was the cause of his own death.

In Egypt long hair was considered an encumbrance. It was a feature of beauty among the Hebrews and Greeks. Roman ladies used artificial hair and set the pace for future coiffeurs.

Peasant girls in the south of France cultivate and sell their hair as a regular business practice. Traders who attend the fairs purposely to traffic in tresses frequently find hair five feet in length, but hair six feet long is very scarce.—San Francisco Examiner.

REMEMBER THESE "DON'TS."

Don't criticise the food at meal times.

Don't dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see.

Don't refuse ungraciously when some one offers to do you a favor.

Don't show less courtesy to your dependents than you would to your equals in position.

Don't take the world into your confidence either about your troubles or your family affairs.

Don't forget to be gentle and respectful to the aged, even when they are fussy and tiresome.

Don't contradict your friends when speaking, and don't appear impatient if they are somewhat long-winded.

Don't, when traveling by train or 'bus, behave as if you were the only person who had a right to be there and the rest were all interlopers.—N. Y. Telegram.

FOLLOWS STRANGE BUSINESS.

This Nevada Woman Shoots Wild Horses to Gain Herself a Livelihood.

Mrs. Maud Whiteman, of Humboldt, Nev., has a stranger occupation than that of any other woman in the United States. She shoots wild horses for their skins and earns about five dollars a day at it, says a western exchange. Wild horses have so increased in numbers in many western states that they are ruthlessly killed for their hides, or they would drive cattle off the ranges and monopolize the best grazing.

Mrs. Whiteman goes hunting always with her father, Henry Wilman, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars who lost his ranch in California about six years ago by financial misfortune and removed to Nevada.

Father and daughter ride well and shoot well. It is their custom to hitch their own horses as decoys and hide in the timber.

When wild horses come up one of them carefully shoots the leader of the herd, so as to disable him, but not kill him. The others scamper away, but curiosity soon impels them to return. Then father and daughter open with their guns and shoot as many as possible before the herd gets out of range. The skins are taken off and dried in sage bushes and then sold for about two dollars each.

When hunting Mrs. Whiteman wears masculine garb, but when she comes into town she wears a black silk dress and a very feminine plumed leghorn hat.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

Use of khaki for military purposes is extending.

Chicago patrol wagon drivers have organized a benevolent association.

Chicago has two free bathhouses, and last year they gave 301,468 free baths.

There are as many shades of face powder as there are shades of color, almost.

Coffee was first used in Abyssinia in 785. A Greek first introduced it to England.

An American spends on an average $50 a year for food, a Frenchman, $48; a German, $45; a Spaniard, $33; an Italian, 24, and a Russian, $40.

The American eats 109 pounds of meat a year; the Frenchman, 87 pounds; the German, 64 pounds; the Italian, 28 pounds, and the Russian, 51 pounds.

A statement prepared for the South Carolina legislature by the state dispensary board shows net profits since the establishment of the dispensary law in 1892 of $1,706,090.